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Miscellaneous Poems.

Miscellaneous Poems.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

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BY

GEORGE DANIEL.

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But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the Poet sings, and the world hears,
If He regard not; though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

COWPER.

London:

PUBLISHED BY

EFFINGHAM WILSON, 88, CORNHILL,

AND SOLD BY

MESSRS. SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY.

1812.

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DANIEL

Printed by G. Hazard, Beech-Street, London.

TO

John Hawkins, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I BEG leave to dedicate to you the following Poems.—I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being thus able to make a public acknowledgement of the high veneration I entertain for your character, and the gratitude I feel for the many favors

that I have received at your hands. The world is seldom disposed to regard the friendless; those who possess the means of assisting the unfortunate, often want the will. Poverty is an unconquerable bar—let a man but possess wealth and he is canonized—it will give honesty to the rogue, piety to the atheist, and wisdom to the fool; but you have given an honorable testimony that do good while WE LIVE, is the true meaning of philanthropy, and that religion never appears more amiable than when it shines forth in acts of benevolence and virtue.

Genius is a plant not often discovered in the busy scenes of life, it is of delicate texture

and courts the shade. When warmed by the cheering sun of prosperity it blossoms into verdure, but when the clouds of misfortune burst over its head, it may be oppressed, though not subdued. A young author who ventures before the public without some powerful advocate to support him, has much to fear, and little to hope from their clemency. The ignorant, and the malicious, are ever ready to blast his expectations, and the mildest treatment that he may receive will be neglect:—yet in spite of this discouraging prospect I have resolved to submit the following pieces to the candid judgment of the critic, and out of the many who will doubtless condemn, there will perhaps be found some who

——————— Ne forte pudori
Sic tibi MUSA lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Begone, ye blockheads, Heraclitus cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise;
By wit, by knowledge, studious to be read,
I scorn the multitude, alive or dead.

But to your notice I would more particularly commend them:—you have been my early patron, my friend, and my adviser; it is to your kindness that I owe the chief happiness of my life, that of serving those to whom I am bound by the strongest ties of love and esteem: and among the daily examples, we behold of hypocrisy, avarice, and oppression it is pleasing to reflect that such characters only form an inconsiderable portion of mankind, that wealth, though it may be very powerful, has never been able

to bury remorse, purchase happiness, or prevent disgrace.

Were I to do justice I should speak plainer—I should tell the world how nobly you came forward to rescue an orphan family from the wrongs of an OPPRESSER, and expose that oppressor to the indignation and scorn of mankind: but VIRTUE is its own reward, and GUILT needs no severer punishment than its painful reflections; leave him to the remorse of a wounded conscience,

to prick and sting him,
A mean deserter of his *brother's blood.*

May you long enjoy every happiness, and

live to verify that noble expression, "Throw thy bread on the waters, and it will return to thee after many days."

With sincere respect, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your truly obliged

and humble Servant,

GEORGE DANIEL.

Islington,
April, 1812.

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Woman; a Satire.

I SING of WOMAN.—Critics, lend an ear;
The theme is pleasing, and the verse sincere.
'Tis satire too; advent'rous bard! beware
How you attempt to satyrise the Fair.—
If CHLOE hate my arbitrary style,
I find a recompense in STELLA's smile;
Engaging nymph! whose artless cheeks disclose
The lily sweetly blended with the rose;
To laugh at folly let the task be mine,
By bright example to reform it, thine.

Some to the ladies have at once assign'd
A trifling heart, a vain, capricious mind,
Pursuing follies, loving to pursue,
To nought but pleasure, and their passions true.
'Tis too severe;—their virtues may demand
A juster picture from a milder hand.

Heav'n first form'd Woman on the social plan,
To prove a source of happiness to man;
To share alike his blessings and his woes,
From life's gay sunshine to its dreary close;
And oft she well performs her tender part
When sharp affliction rends the bursting heart,
When the dark tempests of misfortune low'r
She shines with love's reanimating pow'r;
When friendship fails, nor hope nor succour's nigh,
She wipes the bitter tear from mis'ry's eye,

Pours consolation's healing balm the while,
And cheers the mourner's sorrows with a smile.

Though form'd for love, for gentle arts design'd,
Her courage argues a superior mind.
Not rashly bold the warlike sword she draws,
To violate fond nature's sacred laws,
But for some god-like end, some glorious deed,
That kings and heros had been proud to bleed.
While oft rebellious man when ills arise
Arraigns the awful judgments of the skies;
To her superior piety is giv'n,
She learns to bless the chast'ning hand of heav'n.

In scenes domestic, scenes which most endear,
She shines resistless, in her brightest sphere;

From the gay world the willing fair retires
To taste that bliss which mutual love inspires;
Close to her bosom prest with fond alarms
See infant beauty smiles in all its charms;
Endearing sight! O! may he ne'er destroy
At one rude blast thy hopes of future joy,
But by his filial love fulfil thy pray'r,
And well repay thy tenderness and care.—

Fair is the morn, the gilded prospect gay,
(May no dark wintry clouds obscure the day)
When beauty blooming like an eastern queen,
Forsakes the shade to grace a brighter scene;
Obsequious coxcombs every hour assail,
For her the flatt'rer weaves his artful tale;
E'en tott'ring dotards full of am'rous rage,
Forget the sad infirmities of age,

And spite of gout, debility and spleen,
Fall victims to the roses of sixteen.
Ah! who shall then forewarn the tender fair
To shun the danger, and avoid the snare,
The hesitating speech, the languid eye,
And all the artful poison of a sigh?
For num'rous fops conspire (a busy train,
The pert, the proud, the vicious and the vain,)
To drive fair Virtue from her awful throne,
And make her heart as guilty as their own.

Ere fifteen suns have ripen'd beauty's charms,
What tender thoughts intrude, what soft alarms!
What conscious pride inflames the female heart,
When BETTY well has play'd the toilet's part;
And say for why,—ah! truly to trepan
That meek, rejected, darling creature—Man;—

To make him subject to their varying will,
With smiles to cherish, or with frowns to kill.
But, when we see, thro' promises and vows,
The lover metamophos'd to the spouse,
How chang'd the scene! the envied bliss enjoy'd,
The fair disgusted and the lover cloy'd;
Disputes arise, the lawyers step between,
And separation finishes the scene.

To please a Woman is a task indeed!
We all attempt—alas! how few succeed.
A shameful truth, that female charms are sold,
Some are with flatt'ry bought, and some with gold.
DELIA, who oft inspir'd the poet's page,
Soon finds a ready purchaser in age.
DAPHNE, who lov'd a fool, mistaken fair!
Because he prais'd her beauty, shape, and air,

(Her raptures over, and her pleasures past,)
Obeys no will, so cheerful as his last.
But, when a nymph, to bless some favour'd youth,
Yields all her charms to constancy and truth;
Prudence should guide her steps, and guard
her fame,
Her lighter manners alter'd as her name:
To laugh with fools is not a killing crime,
'Tis only wasting breath, and wasting time;
But this, tho' trivial, mars the wedded life,
And spoils at once the mother and the wife.

Wedlock brings many joys and many ills,
Soft nights, much noise, short purse, and doctor's
bills!
To teach poor man to bear the storms of life,
Heav'n sends that desperate remedy—a Wife:

To fools a curse, but to the gen'rous mind
A precious gift for perfect bliss design'd,
Where Love triumphant boasts eternal spring,
Spreads wide his reign, and waves his silver wing.

Does CORNUS wish his wife in heav'n or hell?
If CORNUS cannot say—his scull can tell.
Is GRIPUS' rib a blessing or a curse?
If GRIPUS can't determine—ask his purse.
Does mild SIMPLICIUS love the married life?—
SIMPLICIUS dare not tell—but ask his wife.

In Women various characters we find,
No two alike, in feature, or in mind:—
LAURA, whose spouse is sober once a week,
Ne'er felt the flush of anger warm her cheek.

CLIO, whose tongue no mortal can resist,
Must yield the palm to SOPHONISBA's fist.
While squeamish Lady BUCKRAM, (who would think?)
Will sip much more than honest topers drink.

Up starts a XANTIPPE to shake the house;
She beats her spouse, yet trembles at a mouse.
CHLOE, whose breast no spark of pity knows,
Screams to behold a pimple on her nose!
While gentle FANNY, tender-hearted dame!
Will cut her linnet's wings, to make him tame.

AMELIA wears a smile from morn till night,
Because her teeth are regular and white.
PRISCILLA, (ancient fair!) by fashion led,
To hide the palsy, tosses high her head.

What sums in washes has NIGRINA spent,
Vain task, to sweeten one unlucky scent;—
Yet still retains her credit with the beaux,
And gives offence to nothing—but the nose!

Poor JULIA makes a hearty meal by stealth,
And tells the world she has but sorry health;
The sturdy vulgar are exempt from pain,
'Tis only folks of quality complain!
Alas, 'twould sicken her fantastic brains,
If JULIA felt one half of what she feigns.

PRUDENCE, you'd think, was more than DIAN' chaste,
And judge few men would suit her maiden taste;
So cold her eye, with justice you might swear,
Love, tender love, could never enter there.

Oh strange reverse! beneath that artful guise
Some carnal thoughts intrude, and mischief lies;
For lo! a son of MAMMON, proud and dull,
With idiot grin, full purse, and empty scull,
Whom VENUS twice had scouted from her train,
And IMPUDENCE had taught to plead again,
Fell at her feet, talk'd much and sputter'd more,
Grinn'd, ogled, danc'd, as he had done before;
Talk'd of his wealth: the hoary parent smil'd,
And gave a willing sacrifice, his child:—
So PRUDENCE took (to make the world admire)
A blockhead for her spouse, to please her sire.

Now, view the contrast in CLARISSA's air,
Light, easy, graceful, spruce, and debonnaire!
Her laughing eye, soft smile, at once bespeak,
Love warms her mind, and blushes in her cheek;

Blest with each grace that Nature can impart,
To captivate the eye, and charm the heart,
CLARISSA weds for love—among the few,
(Don't doubt me, ladies! for the tale is true,)
She weds for love—ye gods! and what is worse,
A man with brains,——but then—an empty purse.
Examples such as this, how rare we read,
But when a woman loves, she loves indeed!

What sudden friendships has LUCRETIA made,
How by those friendships cruelly betray'd;
'Tis her's to heave th'involuntary sigh,
The tear unconscious trembles in her eye,
Yet, sympathetic soul! she knows not why.
She wastes the night, to read each idle tale,
Where lovers say, 'tis virtue to be frail,

And puling sentiment (the rogue's defence)
Fills up each dull vacuity of sense.
If soft LUCRETIA hear a friend is dead,
Her lap-dog's scalded, or her monkey's fled,
If POLL no more can charm her gentle ears
With dainty oaths, the nymph dissolves in tears!
The pity, which in female hearts we prize,
Soft tender maid! is wasted in her eyes.

Stern HECATISSA gives the world her hate,
And, pious soul! awaits a future state;
From morn to night, in mere religious whim,
She screams aloud her anabaptist hymn:
At love-feasts strict (where crabbed saints repair,
And rogues blaspheme their Maker in a pray'r,)
She tells how SATAN (pressing to the goal)
Knock'd at each sinful cranny of her soul:—

But ROGER, holy man! her faith increas'd,
(ROGER, a pilf'rer once, but now a priest,
Whom neither whip, nor pill'ry could dissuade
From following up, mean wretch, the thieving
trade,)
With spiritual balm brought comfort down,
And eas'd her of her sins and—half a crown!
Taught her to groan, and hold her mouth
awry;
Forbade the nymph to swear—but not to lie.

Fair ANGELINA, sweet, bewitching maid!
Exerts the pow'r of beauty—to persuade.
Her dulcet voice is music to the ears,
But oh! how soft and pleading are her tears!
Who can withstand the languish of her eye;
'Twere death to frown, 'twere cruel to deny!—

This SATAN knew, and so, to work with art
The fall of man, attack'd the weaker part.

Poor SAPPHO, forc'd to wed against her will
The man she hates, and more provoking still,
A thing which ev'ry woman hates alive,
A toothless, doating rogue, of sixty-five!
A fashionable beau, of high renown,
Who forty years was current on the town;
But now, worn out with ev'ry folly past,
Resolves to marry, and repent, at last.
At midnight balls is airy SAPPHO seen,
Or suffocating routs, to cure the spleen;
Her ancient lord (a martyr to the gout)
For SAPPHO calls in vain—My lady's out.
He stamps, he raves, and curses o'er and o'er,
A rap is heard—My lady's at the door.

Stung with the pangs of jealousy, he swears;
Poor SAPPHO flirts, and wonders at his airs:
To prove her faith, calls BETTY, and the saints,
And if occasion suits—my lady faints.—
Thus, to reprove his sins of former life,
Offended Heav'n sends SAPPHO for his wife.

PRUDELLA, cautious nymph! behind her fan,
Gives many an artful leer at odious Man:
With paint and patches tries (a silly crime)
To hide the dreadful ravages of time.
When in the Park she takes her night parade,
We ask what spectre 'tis, that haunts the shade;
She envies ev'ry fair that passes by,
And ogles still, with one remaining eye:
She shines at balls and ev'ry public place,
But most at masks, for then she hides her face:—

PRUDELLA owns to fifty—be it so—
But then she own'd it twenty years ago:—
Asserting, once, her privilege to youth,
In that unlucky moment, dropp'd a tooth:—
She talks of scandal, wit, and am'rous rage,
Of blooming cheeks—and any thing—but age:—
She screams an air—the connoisseur that hears
Would swear a jack were winding in his ears.
She joins the dance—the Graces, in a fume,
Behold the hideous sprite, and quit the room.
PRUDELLA stalks o'er life's uncertain stage,
The sport of jeering youth, the shame of age.

CHLOE, whom perjur'd wits engaging call,
Is pleas'd with half mankind, and pleases all;
She lends her ear to every idle tale,
Too bold to blush, to prudent to be frail;

Thinks all is center'd in a pretty face,
Cries 'Gad,' or, 'Dem it,' with bewitching
grace.
She goes to church on ev'ry sabbath-day—
But fashionable people never pray!
If parsons are polite, 'tis very well,
But CHLOE can't endure the name of Hell:—
If some fond swain confess a tender smart,
She smiles at first—then frowns—and breaks his
heart.
Beware how CHLOE's kindnesses beguile,
Her frown is not so fatal as her smile.

Such faults can beauty of each power disarm,
Debase the mind, and lessen every charm;
While modest worth, in innocence array'd,
Shall charm the mind when beauty is decay'd.

But who is she, that sits with head awry,
(Lank is her form, and haggard is her eye,
Her garments turn'd in many a mazy fold,
Frantic she seems, and ghastly to behold?)
'Tis sad CALISTA, who with brandish'd quill,
Makes gods descend, and demons rise at will.
Her daring muse to no one sphere confin'd,
O'erleaps the bound'ries of the human mind;
No deed too horrid for her verse to tell,
In ocean, earth, or air, in heav'n or hell;
She writes for demon's, not for man's, applause,
And is herself the fury which she draws.

'High life is charming, say what people will,'
Cries Mistress FUSSOCK, hot from Garlick-hill:—
'Oh! who would breathe this loathsome city air,
When honest folks might drive a coach and pair?

My spouse, poor man! would rather grub the while,
Than take a handsome house, and live in style.'
By Fortune's freaks, see Madam FUSSOCK plac'd
High in the realms of elegance and taste;
A well bred dame, she leaves her bed at noon,
Sups with the sun, and breakfasts with the moon;
At balls and concerts the presiding belle,
For who, indeed, can dance, or sing so well?
At fashion's fane she rules the varying year,
For who will dress so gay and pay so dear?
Her feasts, the folks of quality declare,
Have civic plenty, with St. James's air:
And thus, her name for taste is echo'd far,
From Portland Place to humble Temple Bar.

Ah! must I tell the sequel of the tale?
Poor Madam FUSSOCK's purse begins to fail:—

She learns a truth she never studied yet,
That cits must pay though nobles run in debt.
The house is sold, the servants all dismiss'd,
Her luckless husband dreads the bailiff's fist;
Such mad presumption all her friends deride,
(Guests at her routs, and sharers of her pride,)
And Mistress FUSSOCK (much against her will)
Returns to breathe the air of Garlic-hill.

Yon tender, squeamish nymph, that lolls at ease,
Is fair CLARINDA, difficult to please:—
Whom affectation, and the spleen, devour,
Nor knows her mind one moment in the hour.
To-day, her lover, gazing on her charms,
Might clasp the yielding puppet in his arms;
To-morrow, strange adventure! shifts the scene,
CLARINDA would not wed to be a queen.

She loves an op'ra dearer than a ball,
A mask far dearer still—then hates them all.
What heart for friendship can with her's compare?
Yet fav'rite PUG is still your rival there.
Frantic and pleas'd by turns, delighted, vext;
And what she hates one moment, loves the next.

Why sits CORINNA sad and full of woe?—
Her spouse, sweet mourner! died a month ago.
Frantic with grief, she sent for lady D——,
Implor'd her tears—and company to tea!—
For six long days, (a penance truly hard!)
She never saw a play—nor touch'd a card;—
The seventh, CORINNA (while her bosom bleeds)
Puts off her sorrow, and puts on her weeds.

My Lady CYNTHIA oft, with gaming sick,
Will lose her charming temper with a trick.
NUBILIA wears a patch (contriving belle!)
To hide a speck—a mask would do as well.
How FLAVIA's face, and FLAVIA's picture strike!
The cause is plain—they're *painted* much alike;—
Oh! then shall Truth the voice of Satire hush,
When only feeble Art can raise a blush?
But one I know, (sweet subject of my lays!)
Whose beauty still is only second praise;—
In action graceful, as in sense refin'd,
The softest manners, with the chastest mind,
Uniting all that we design to please,
The charms of temper, elegance, and ease;
A soft expression, never reach'd by art,
Which speaks the glowing language of the heart.

Charms such as these, (nor deem the picture rare)
Shall render beauty more divinely fair;
Through life's rough paths our anxious cares beguile,
And soften rage itself into a smile.—
When man's warm passions, with resistless sway,
Bear virtue, sense, and reason, far away;
One soft persuasive smile shall soon reprove,
And call him back to liberty and love.

Whether we err through ignorance or pride,
True female worth is man's securest guide;
And let poor poets scribble what they will,
They write for fame, and fame is WOMAN still.

Dear STELLA, to my moral verse attend,
Revere the censor, and believe the friend.—

May ev'ry bliss that softens life, or cheers,
Charm thy young days, and crown thy ripe'ning years!
Fair is the prospect in life's op'ning morn,
The rose is fair, but still retains the thorn:
The world will tempt thee with alluring praise,
And Folly lead thee to her fairy maze;
But, oh! beware, and shun the dang'rous way,
They flatter beauty only to betray;
And still through life, (in thy desire to please,)
Retain thy soft simplicity and ease!

To charm by art let others vainly seek,
What art can reach the blossom on thy cheek?
And while through life's uncertain path we stray,
(Hope for our guide to lead us on the way,)
Say, shall the muse thy gentle steps attend,
Pleas'd to become thy monitor and friend?—

To tell thee oft, how thousands are undone,
What paths to follow, and what ills to shun;
To teach thy mind, (however woes increase,)
The paths of virtue are the paths of peace;
That vice, though late, shall meet severest doom,
That virtue lives, and blossoms in the tomb!

Epistle,

TO WILLIAM STREET, ESQ.

FRIEND of my youth, my patron, and my guide!
(By wealth unbiass'd, and unhurt by pride,)
Who in Life's various day wast taught to know
That Virtue still may conquer human wo,
Accept the verse that Gratitude inspires,—
'Tis Friendship's voice awakes the Muse's fires,—
To all thy worth this humble tribute pays,
And loves the object she delights to praise.

Long has it been my happiness to share
Thy kind attention, thy paternal care;
Long hast thou urg'd thy principles of truth,
To curb the follies of unguarded youth:
Each vice to check, each foible to restrain,
Whate'er was base, impertinent, and vain.

Still may thy care my wand'ring steps attend,
Nor let me lose the censor in the friend;
Still may thy precepts equal force impart,
Rule all my deeds, and regulate my heart.
When lawless Pleasure, with resistless sway,
From Reason's light allures my mind away,
O! be it thine to check the rising ill,
Direct my footsteps, and control my will;
Teach me whate'er is sordid to disown,
And make my heart as perfect as thine own!

Tho' adverse Fortune damp my early years,
(For long hath sorrow dim'd my eyes with tears,)
Still may my soul (to Honour's dictates just)
Like thine be firm, and zealous of her trust:—
For naught shall e'er the good man's steps appal,
Tho' Vice triumphant reign the lord of all;
And conscious worth will teach him to deride
The frown of Envy, and the scoff of Pride.

How bless'd is he whose sympathetic mind
Embraces all the welfare of mankind;
Who pitying turns to Sorrow's feeble cry,
Gives tear for tear, and answers sigh for sigh:
Who, bless'd with all that Fortune can impart,
Relieves distress, and binds the broken heart:
Eternal blessings shall his steps attend,
The orphan's patron, and the widow's friend;

Death shall to him a glorious triumph bring—
No pangs shall torture, nor no guilt shall sting:
Calm and serene he meets the trying hour,—
Death seems to smile, and loses half his pow'r;
Hope in his soul her hallow'd temple rears,—
Celestial music breaks upon his ears,—
Till the rapt soul with holy transport sings,
Mounts to the skies on wide-expanded wings,—
Bursts from her later bonds of earthly clay,
And soars to regions of eternal day.

Learn hence to know how frail is human good—
How oft misus'd, how seldom understood;
Nor wealth nor pow'r was ever found to save
Weak mortal man one moment from the grave:
Let Virtue then all meaner wants supply,
Direct our steps, and teach us how to die;

While the sad tomb, a monument of fame,
That 'shrines the ashes, shall preserve the name.

Hail, lovely Virtue! ever-honour'd guest!
Friend to mankind, thrice welcome to my breast!
With thee Content, ethereal goddess! bring,
And Health, that blossoms in eternal spring:
Peace shall attend thy never-varying way,
And shine a star of everlasting day!
Thou first great source of universal joy,
Wealth cannot give nor Poverty destroy,
Whether thou lov'st in cities to reside,
Or nut-brown vales, the shepherd's humbler pride;
Whether thy form (by virgin meekness known)
Adorns the peasant's cottage or the throne;
Still shall the Muse bestow her willing aid,
Seek thy recess, and haunt thy silent shade;

Dwell with thee there, nor blush to once be seen
Where humble Virtue dignifies the scene.

When ills surround thee in this world of care,
O'erwhelm thy reason, and invite despair;
When Heav'n appears to point its vengeful dart,
To wring the soul, and agonize the heart;
Trust in that Pow'r, whose wisdom never strays,
Thy faith to strengthen, and thy hopes to raise;
Who heals the sick, who calms the troubled mind,
Who fills the hungry, and who leads the blind.

Friend of my youth! may ev'ry joy be thine,
Each social blessing cheer thy life's decline!
May all that's pleasing ev'ry hour engage,
To smooth the prospect of declining age!

May future glories op'ning to thy sight,
Bless ev'ry thought by day, and dream by night;
And, when the anxious cares of life are past,
May Hope, on Virtue fix'd, support thy last!

Epilogue.

Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.

VIRGIL.

O, HOPE! bless'd offspring of each fond desire,
That bids us live, and fans the lover's fire;
Thy presence pictures to my anxious sight,
Fresh dreams of bliss, and moments of delight:
Nurse of each joy, I hail thy bless'd return,
Which taught my youthful bosom first to burn.

Haste, EMMA, haste, and bless our fertile plains,
Where Ceres now in all her triumph reigns;
Taste ev'ry charm that bounteous Nature yields,
Peace rules my cot, and fruitful are my fields.
With joy I'll lead thee to the thickest bow'rs,
And crown thy temples with the fairest flow'rs;
I with thy praise will make the valleys ring,
And slake thy thirsting at the clearest spring:
And oft at noon we'll seek a cool retreat,
Where some clear streamlet murmurs at our feet:
The herds shall low, and crop the pastur'd ground,
While distant hills return the pleasing sound.

Long has the maid my youthful bosom fir'd—
Long have her charms my simple song inspir'd!
Full many a day was usher'd in with tears,
Yet Hope presag'd the joys of future years.

Those eyes have cheer'd me, hopeless and forlorn,
(Bright as the star that gilds the rosy morn):
I saw her beauties rip'ning ev'ry hour;
Fair was the bud, but fairer was the flow'r.

See how my flocks skip round the sportive scene,
O'er breezy mountains and o'er valleys green!
Soft notes resound from ev'ry bloomy spray,
While shepherds toss the sweetly-smelling hay.
See how the swains our village-maidens lead,
In rustic dance, along the fertile mead;
While happy Age will oft admiring stand,
And fain would join the young and mirthful band;
Tho' past these rural sports, fond Mem'ry strays
To sweet remembrance of their youthful days.

E'en while I view thee as my chief delight,
New beauties rise to bless my ravish'd sight;
Such modest blushes thrill my constant heart,
And, while they rival Nature, conquer Art.
No charms are here in dazzling garments drest,
But perfect Beauty cloth'd in simple vest:
No glitt'ring form array'd in pompous blaze
(Which hides more graces than the dress displays);
But all is Nature unadorn'd and plain,
Perfections sweet, that charm the rural swain;
While in his bosom glows a purer fire
Than ever Pride can feel or Pomp inspire.

If pow'r and riches your respect can claim,
You'll cease to love, and spurn my humble name:
If matchless Truth your gentle fancy charms,
You'll seek for refuge in a lover's arms;

For, tho' a simple shepherd here I live,
And a fond heart is all I have to give,
Still Peace shall crown each pure domestic joy,
Which no rude storms of Fortune can destroy.

Elegy.

Ye happy youths, in Tempé's blissful plains,
Where once I tun'd my unambitious strains,
Far other themes my mournful Muse inspire
To sorrow now I consecrate my lyre!
No more with joy I wake the silver string,
When Nature blossoms at returning Spring;
Pass'd are the hopes that youthful Fancy rears,
And chilling Winter blasts my promis'd years.

In Life's fair morn, amid your arching bow'rs,
I taught the swains the force of Music's pow'rs;
By me instructed first, the sylvan choir
Tun'd the sweet pipe, and touch'd the trembling lyre.
When SYLVIA, smiling, listen'd to my lay,
What heart like mine was ever half so gay?
'Twas then Ambition urg'd my simple strains,—
'Twas then I felt, and sung of lover's pains:
Each tender note re-echo'd from my heart;
I felt the pang, but glory'd in the smart.

Fond Mem'ry still must dwell upon the scene,
When hand-in-hand we tripp'd along the green:
When to her ear my passion I confest,
What soft emotions kindled in her breast:
How sweet she listen'd to the vows I paid,
By moonlight oft, beneath the hawthorn shade!

Her swelling bosom heav'd with pure desires,
Which lovers feel, and Love alone inspires:
She scorn'd all arts that gain dishonest fame,
Nor blush'd to own a soft and mutual flame.

Alas! how frail is Beauty's vernal flow'r!
See how it blooms and withers in an hour!
Nor sighs nor tears could change thy early doom,
Or call thy virtues from the silent tomb.
Oh! sweetly sleep beneath the holy ground,
Where guardian saints will oft assemble round,—
Where rosy Morn her silver dews will shed,
To lave thy turf, and consecrate the dead.

No more my pipe shall charm the list'ning throng,
For ever hush'd in thy funereal song;

No more the swains their airy steps advance,
Join in the lay, or gambol in the dance!
See Tempé's vale becomes a barren wild,
And deserts rise where fruitful Nature smil'd.
Here once the lark, sweet messenger of Spring!
Tun'd the soft note, and ply'd the feather'd wing:
Here once the birds a pleasing concert made,
And with their warblings fill'd the vocal shade:
But now no music breaks upon the ear,
Eternal Winter reigns throughout the year;
While the dull owl, unheeded and alone,
Pours thro' the woods her melancholy moan.

When dark and solemn Night invests the pole,
And gives to Thought the contemplative soul,
Far from the world, the trifling, and the gay,
I'll teach the tuneful nightingale my lay:

Deep in that bow'r (unseen by mortal eye),
Where all entomb'd thy sacred ashes lie,
Oh! let my soul, in holy grief serene,
Enjoy the silent solitary scene:
And while I oft, beneath the moonlight shade,
Behold thee still—a visionary maid!
When Fancy pictures thee in all thy charms,
And fills my anxious breast with fond alarms—
Do thou, benignant spirit! hover nigh,
Wipe the hot tear, and check the rising sigh;
Let Hope dispel pale Melancholy's gloom,
And bid me look for bliss beyond the tomb.

Alibeg;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

Alibeg;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE:

A POEM.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium;
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.

In Tempé's vale, (a calm sequester'd scene,)
Whose fields were cloth'd with everlasting green,
Where scented woodbines form'd a pleasing shade,
And limpid streams in clear meanders play'd:
Deep in that vale there liv'd an humble youth,
The simple emblem of unspotted truth;

Fresh as the blooming fields from whence he came,
Pure as the streams, and ALIBEG his name.—
Oft would he strive, in wild and rural lays,
The tuneful voice of Harmony to raise;
Th'enraptur'd swains his wondrous skill approve,
And ev'ry virgin's soul is fill'd with love.

With such nice art the shepherd play'd and sung,
That on each note the list'ning audience hung;
Th'admiring swains, and ev'ry rural maid,
Delighted, sought the consecrated shade:
And, while he warbled, woods and plains among,
Apollo listen'd, and approv'd the song.

One morn, great ABBAS (tir'd of gay resorts)
Thro' Tempé's vale pursued his rural sports;

When lo! sweet music quivers thro' the shade,
As if the strain some sylvan god had play'd.
Struck with the music of the tuneful reed,
He seeks the place from whence the notes proceed;
And soon the shepherd strikes the monarch's view,
(The fairest swain of all the sylvan crew):
His seat a moss-grown bank, a crook he bore;
His pipe was rais'd, a shepherd's garb he wore;
He watch'd the rippling fountain's silver tide,
The while his flocks skipp'd round the mountain-side.

Enrapt in silent awe, great ABBAS stood,
And thus address'd the shepherd of the wood:

'O!, youth celestial! whosoe'er thou art,
That with such melting airs enslav'st my heart,

Say, dost thou here descend, with heav'nly strains,
To sooth the wretch's woe, the lover's pains?
For sure such notes as charm this mystic bow'r
Are play'd by some divine superior pow'r!'

The youth replied—'I'm one of humble swains
Who lead their flocks o'er Tempé's blissful plains
Of parentage obscure, I love to view
The lowly spot from whence my breath I drew;
O'er rising hills my gentle flock I lead,
And to soft rural music tune my reed;
While all the birds on ev'ry bloomy spray
Will raise their notes to imitate the lay.

'And oft my pipe will secret charms impart,
To sooth the sorrows of a wounded heart:

When lovers plead in vain, one melting air
Will charm to pity th'unrelenting fair.
'Twas early instinct taught me first to sing,
And bade my hand awake the silver string;
And when I warbled thro' the sacred shade,
'Twas Nature's voice, and Nature I obey'd.'

Thus spake the humble swain; the king amaz'd
At the fair youth with secret rapture gaz'd.

'Pity,' (he cried) 'that Virtue's purest ray
Should in a desert wither and decay;
That Truth and Merit, with such wisdom join'd
As dwells within this lovely shepherd's mind,
Should thus lie hid, uncherish'd and forlorn,
As vi'lets blow, conceal'd beneath the thorn.

Sweet youth! so vers'd in ev'ry gentle art,
If grandeur once can captivate thy heart,
With me to cities and to courts repair,
And let thy matchless talents flourish there:
Let not such wisdom wither in a wild,
Emblem of Virtue! Nature's fairest child!
But leave these plains, and tend thy sheep no more,
And taste of pleasures unenjoy'd before.'

A crimson blush o'erspread the shepherd's cheek,
His will consented, tho' he fear'd to speak:
He long'd to go, yet lov'd his dear retreat,—
His heart exulted, and his bosom beat.
From the blue hills a rural band appear
With ev'ry vestige of the purple year;
While Health and Beauty, with a native grace,
Bless'd ev'ry form, and shone in ev'ry face.

They ask the swain to join the sportive scene,
In all the harmless gambols of the green;
In circling dances with the nymphs unite,
On the deft toe, fantastically light!
But, when the kingly ABBAS struck their view,
They gaz'd in silence; still their wonder grew;
Whilst he himself (unskill'd in rustic lore)
Beheld a sight he never met before.

He now exerts his pow'r and gentle sway,
To lead the shepherd from the fields away
To splendid courts, where Pride triumphant reigns,
A sad exchange for Tempé's blissful plains!

The shepherds wept, and ev'ry rural fair
Beat her white breast, and rent her auburn hair;

Deep sighs are heard, while tears incessant flow
In all the sad vicissitude of woe.
But one fair nymph rush'd forth into his arms
(The first in sorrow, as the first in charms);
From her bright eyes the tears in torrents pour'd;
She clasp'd his hand, and, kneeling, thus implor'd:—

'Oh! stay content, for in our native plains
No pow'r oppresses, and no force constrains;
Let SYLVIA's love thy wand'ring steps arrest,
And Tempé's vale shall not remain unblest.
Aw'd by thy virtue, and compell'd by shame,
Long have I cherish'd, but conceal'd the flame;
Oh! let thy breast that gen'rous passion feel,
Which this sad moment bids me here reveal;—

'For love first breath'd his sighs in sylvan air,
And taught the swains to prize the rural fair;
In humble climes he wounds the yielding maid,
Dwells in dark woods, and warms the silent shade:
Sweets bloom around, and own a magic pow'r,
While Venus haunts the consecrated bow'r.'

When thus the swain—'Oh! hush thy griefs awhile,
And for each tear shall soon succeed a smile:
Where'er I go, whatever realms to see,
My heart, unchang'd, shall fondly turn to thee;
Those sighs, which now thy heaving bosom fill,
Shall in my sad remembrance murmur still.'

The swain departed, and with him he took
His sylvan music, and his shepherd's crook;

He left the former scenes he lov'd so well,
And bade to Tempé's vale a sad farewell.
They slowly pass o'er ev'ry hill and glade,
Explore each grot, and pierce the thickest shade.
As the fair youth some well-known object met,
He heav'd a sigh, and parted with regret.
Now distant cities from afar they view'd,
Which seem'd t'extend as onward they pursu'd;
He wept in silence, while his ling'ring feet
Reluctant bore him from his dear retreat.

They reach the spot; the stranger's wond'ring eyes
See lofty spires of palaces arise:
While hallow'd domes appear with sacred pride,
And Trade's wide marts are seen on ev'ry side.
Th' admiring swain with secret rapture gaz'd
At ev'ry pile the pow'rs of Art had rais'd:

Yet mourn'd to think these mighty labours all
Must join great Nature's universal fall.

To court the youth was led, in glitt'ring vest;
Each noble heart admir'd the humble guest;
His manly beauty and superior worth
Made all forget his lowliness of birth;
Such native sweetness, mix'd with decent pride,
Brav'd Slander's sting, and Envy's scorn defy'd.

Great ABBAS lov'd the youth, well-pleas'd to view
That ev'ry year his talents riper grew;
And fondly oft presag'd his future fate,
To rise a shining figure in the state.

As some fair flow'ret in a wild conceal'd,
Where no kind pasture bids its blossoms yield,

Chok'd in its growth, it needs a fost'ring hand
Quickly to move it to some fertile land;
But, when transplanted to more genial earth,
The bloom appears, and gives its beauty birth;
Urg'd by warm suns, and mild refreshing dews,
The buds burst forth in all their lively hues;
It's lovely form rewards the planter's care,
And with ambrosial fragrance fills the air.

While thus the swain enjoys his virtuous deeds,
Great ABBAS dies—the sorrowing nation bleeds;
His sudden fate, by Death's terrific dart,
Fills ev'ry eye, and saddens ev'ry heart:
The rich and poor alike his smiles did share,—
Wealth claim'd his justice, Poverty his care;
The weak and lowly never sued in vain,
And gentle Mercy mark'd his pious reign.

But now the son, a youth of noble fire;
Succeeds his honour'd and lamented sire;
Bless'd with each virtue that can e'er create
A monarch truly wise, and truly great.

Still humble AL'BEG (unaspiring swain!)
With judgment rul'd, beneath a blissful reign;
His noble mind all baser actions scorn'd,
And thought mankind with all his worth adorn'd
But baneful Envy strove to blast his fame,
And blend with hateful infamy his name.

'Twas falsely rumour'd (with a dire intent)
The realm was injur'd, and its treasures spent;
That certain jewels were obtain'd by stealth,
Drain'd by deep fraud from out the nation's
wealth.

When ALIBEG the shameful rumour heard,
And knew each tale that Slander had preferr'd,
He wept alone; his heart, o'erchargʼd with grief,
Sought in a peaceful solitude relief:
But Virtue bade his soul to truth aspire,
Restor'd his courage, and renew'd his fire,
Inflam'd his ardour, strengthen'd Honour's tide,
So, scorning base Reproach, he thus replied:—

'Oh, King! this fate has taught my heart to know
Few are the joys that riches can bestow;
E'en I (the humblest of the splendid throng)
Have felt the sting of Slander's baneful tongue.
My mansion search, each secret place explore,
Drag into light the rich and guilty store;

If such be found to slur my spotless name,
My death shall end your anger and my shame.'

Thus spake the swain;—the king went forth to find
The hidden treasure said to be purloin'd;
While the whole court (a persecuting race!)
Presag'd his future ruin and disgrace.

They search'd each chamber with peculiar care,
And found no stores nor hidden treasures there;
In vain they all each dark recess explor'd,
No means are found to trace the guilty hoard.

Enrag'd at this, the angry monarch cried—
'Thy worth, Oh, youth! has now been fairly tried;

Drag forth thy sland'rers vile, and shew the age
They perish all, as victims of my rage.'

Thus spake the king;—a pamper'd son of Pride
Rose from the trembling crowd, and thus replied;—
A place there is (unknown to public eye),
Where close conceal'd, the gold and jewels lie;
Of curious structure, where the artist's skill
Has tried to thwart the bold intruder's will:
Oft is he seen to ope the secret door,
And look with rapture on the hidden store;
With gestures strange his sordid joy to shew,
While dread of parting causes tears to flow.'

Back went the king the hidden store to seek,—
A flush of joy o'erspread the shepherd's cheek;

His conscious virtue scorn'd the least disguise,—
The secret door is open'd to their eyes,
And all behold the long expected prize.
No precious gold or jewels meet their sight,
'Twas humbler treasures gave the swain delight;
All they beheld, the knotty crook he bore,
The sylvan pipe, the shepherd's garb he wore
When first he met the royal ABBAS' view,
And with his music charm'd the sylvan crew,
Before he felt the force of Slander's tale,
And left the joys of Tempé's blissful vale.

'Take all,' he cried, 'with pleasure I restore
All that your honour'd father gave before;
No wealth I crave, no titles I require,
The unask'd gift of your departed sire:

Such fleeting honours I with joy resign,
All are your own, but these are truly mine.
Oh! let me to my native shades repair,
And once more learn to tend my fleecy care;
Let my deluded heart but learn to know
The source from whence our purest pleasures flow;
That simpler joys alone delight the soul,
While sweet Contentment waits to bless the whole.

'Before my heart from Tempé's vale withdrew,
My joys were many, and my cares were few;
No guilt was cast upon my humble name,
I thought no road but Virtue led to Fame.
If e'er I wept, my fav'rite lamb had stray'd,
Love rais'd my fears, or Friendship prov'd a shade:

But then my pipe supply'd a soothing strain,
Which lull'd my sorrows, and which eas'd my pain.
Then let me once more join the sylvan crew,
And bid the world and all its cares adieu,
Tune my sweet pipe, and wear the rustic vest
In which your father found me, truly blest;
Before I knew the mis'ry to be great,
The sad memorials of my happier state.

'But should thy wrath an injur'd shepherd doom
To seek the dark and solitary tomb,
Let friendly Silence o'er my fate prevail,
Nor with the tidings sadden Tempé's vale:
Think on those days of innocence and joy
When you beheld me first, a shepherd-boy;

Rais'd by your sire, unworthy and unknown,
To form his councils, and to guard his throne:
Think, if I e'er (since first your grace I won)
Deceiv'd the father, or betray'd the son,
Abus'd that pow'r your honour'd parent gave,
And let my wrongs lie buried in the grave.

'Short is the date of sublunary joy!
What sudden griefs our present peace destroy!
He who, to-day, each earthly bliss may share,
To-morrow falls a victim to Despair:
But still from earth th' ethereal spirit flies
To brighter honours, treasur'd in the skies,
Bids earthly strife and earthly tumult cease,
And soars to realms of piety and peace.

'Then let your vengeance haste me to my fate,
(Less dreadful far than infamy and hate);

But spare that fame my bosom fondly rear'd,
Nor scorn the object whom you once rever'd;
And, should fair Virtue o'er my humble bier
Pour the deep sigh, or drop a holy tear,
Such hallow'd gifts as weeping Virtue pays
Shall bless my mem'ry and my tomb shall raise,
Bid future times each worthy deed recall,
Tho' envious traitors glory in my fall.'

Thus spake the injur'd youth of Tempé's vale;
Vice was appall'd, and Slander's face grew pale:
Such modest worth each gen'rous bosom charm'd,
And pois'nous Envy, trembling, stood disarm'd;
While lynx-ey'd Malice yields to virtuous Fame,
And hides its head in everlasting shame.

'Oh! matchless worth!' (the wond'ring monarch cried,)
'Blush, ev'ry child of supercilious Pride!
See in this youth fair Virtue's purest fire,
With which the gods all nobler minds inspire;
'Tis his to range the spheres of Fancy bright,
And shew mankind the force of Reason's light.

'Shall sland'rous Envy lift aloft its head,
And all around a dire contagion spread?
Shall Pride, Deceit, and Folly, guard my throne,
While modest Worth is perishing unknown,
And Vice rewarded? shall great ABBAS' son
Disgrace the palms his ancestors have won?
Hence from my sight, ye persecuting race!
No more the Monarch or his realm disgrace;

Let upright men my people's freedom guard,
And modest Merit meet its due reward;
Let Worth once more my injur'd kingdom sway,
No more let humble Virtue Vice obey;
But all be chang'd, and royal ABBAS' son
Bestow the laurel where 'tis nobly won.'

Thus spake the Monarch, flush'd with honest rage:
None dar'd to speak, his fury to assuage;
But conscious Guilt in silence stole away,
And Virtue won the honours of the day.

Note.—For the idea of this poem, I am indebted to the well known Persian tale of "Cha-Abbas, and the Shepherd "Alibæus;" but the sentiment, imagery, and diction, are wholly original.

Ode.

TO MELANCHOLY.

If aught can raise the drooping heart
Above the world's delight and folly,—
Dispel affliction,—heal the smart,—
And all sublimer themes impart,
'Tis heav'nly pensive Melancholy.

O! let me sit on some high hill,
When all is solemn—all is still
Beneath the starry pole;
When Fancy's fleeting dreams are o'er,
And busy thoughts disturb no more
The contemplative soul.

How awful 'tis at midnight hour,
To sit and watch from yonder tow'r
The silver moon arise;
The mind, expanding, bears her wings
Above all sublunary things,
And mingles with the skies.

Our earthly bliss how short and vain!
See fleeting Pleasure's noisy train
But hasten to their doom;

And all the idle joys that man
Shall feel in Life's contracted span
Are emblems of the tomb.

Love's but a fair and fragile flow'r,
That shrinks and withers in an hour,
At ev'ry storm that blows;
While Friendship's soft and healing art
Too oft deserts the broken heart,
And flies from human woes.

Then let me seek the solemn scene,
Where all is silent and serene,
Within the mystic bow'r;
And, while the nightly dews descend,
In awful meditation spend
The sliotary hour.

Let me to cloister'd cell retreat,
Where holy breasts religious beat
With energy divine;
And lonely monks with pious zeal
Before the sacred relics kneel,
Or worship Jesu's shrine.

O! let me pass with silent dread
The dreary mansions of the dead,
Where senseless marbles weep;
And saints, that former ages blest,
Within their earthly caverns rest
In everlasting sleep!

There Melancholy loves to dwell,
And listen to the tolling bell
That speaks our mortal doom:

With pensive form and haggard stare
She sits, the picture of Despair,
O'er Beauty's early tomb.

No earthly sight can draw a tear,
However sad, however drear,
Or change her piercing eye:
She hears the raven's mournful breath
Pour forth the melody of death,
And scorns the bursting sigh.

When raging storms around her roll,
And awful tempests shake the pole,
By heav'nly vengeance driven—
E'en while the thunder loudest roars,
With eyes uplift, she still adores
The Majesty of Heaven!

She, with her sister Madness, oft
On some high rock will sit aloft,
That foaming billows sweep;
And, while all Nature feels dismay,
She'll with unalter'd eye survey
The horrors of the deep.

But when, in some secluded cell,
She wildly tunes her magic shell
To sounds that whisper peace;
Such heav'nly music fills the air,
That bids the pallid fiend, Despair,
Her hollow murmurs cease.

O! let me then, revolving, rove
The dark recesses of the grove,
And, touch'd with sacred fire,

Like Fingal's Bard, in lofty lays,
Record the deeds of ancient days,
And strike the Gothic lyre.

Hail, holy shade! whose harp divine,
O'er each departed hero's shrine
Awoke in dying falls!
No more thine airy music floats
In solemn, soft, and swelling notes,
Thro' Mona's desert walls.

And, hail! thou awful Pow'r sublime,
That nought but all-consuming Time
Can vanquish or destroy!
When earth shall melt, and sea and skies,
O! may thy troubled spirit rise
To everlasting joy.

The Nativity.

AN ODE.

OH! for a sound more soft and clear
Than burst upon the ravish'd ear,
When, touch'd with GOD'S ethereal fire,
The holy Bard, in lofty lays,
Broke forth in prophecy and praise,
And bade his soul-subduing lyre
Foretel the bright events of future days!

And thou, who tun'd the varying strings
Of David's harp to sounds of wo,
When angels bow'd their silver wings
To hear the heav'nly numbers flow,—
When I attempt immortal rhyme,
A theme so sacred, so sublime,
That bade all Heav'n with joyful echoes ring,—
Let holy zeal each note prolong,
And breathe thy spirit o'er the song
Of GOD's anointed Son, and Heaven's eternal King!

In days of old, with hallow'd fire
The Prophet touch'd his sacred lyre,
And sung the bright auspicious morn,

When earth redeem'd, and sea, and skies,
Should their eternal incense rise,
And hail with joyful songs a SAVIOUR born!

Slow, from the East, the radiant star
Of mercy rose in golden streams;
The Prophets wander'd from afar,
And hail'd its everlasting beams;
Till, o'er the place where JESUS lay,
It pour'd a soft serener ray,
And all its rising glories shed!
Heav'n saw the sinner's ransom there;
Adoring Seraphs breath'd a pray'r
Around the SAVIOUR'S lowly bed.

Hark! 'tis a voice that wakes the skies—
'Ye rocks, dissolve! Ye valleys, rise!
Your great ETERNAL'S Presence own:

Ye dews, in kindly show'rs descend!
Ye hills, your lofty summits bend,
And bow before the throne!'

O, Salem! what a day is thine!
Behold the Star of Mercy shine!
See, Hope her hallow'd temple rears!
Lift up your eyes, and hail the morn;
To you a holy Babe is born,
The Child of promis'd years!
Music floats on ether wings;
The woods rejoice, the desert sings.

Bow your heads, ye mountains high!
'Tis a voice that shakes the ball:—
Hark! the hills exulting cry—
'CHRIST appears! the LORD of all!'

Softly sweet the echo rings—
'Glory to the KING of kings,
And peace to men be given;
Praise him ye planets, as ye roll,—
Ye stars that gild yon shining pole,
And all ye hosts of Heaven!'

Lo! the sound hath reach'd the skies;
Hark! what strains seraphic rise
Among the heav'nly choirs!
List'ning saints their voices raise,
Holy angels join the praise,
And strike their golden lyres!

Glory to Him who sits on high!
MESSIAH'S promis'd reign is nigh;
Ye nations, hear the welcome sound;—

No more bewail your guilty fall,
He brings salvation down to all;—
Yet shall not earth his conquests bound;
Demons in hell, where flames devour,
Shall own his sov'reign will, and tremble at his pow'r.

To Thee Redemption's work is dear;
Thy love shall wipe the sinner's tear,
Thy hand his cruel bondage break:
The dumb shall lift their song to thee,—
The lame shall walk, the blind shall see,—
Thy voice shall bid the dead awake!

To those of meek and lowly heart
Thy grace shall sov'reign balm impart,
And prove the Saint's eternal guide:

The fainting soul thy shepherd's care
Shall gently lead to pastures fair,
Where Sion's crystal waters glide.

No more shall War, with iron reign,
His hell-denouncing trumpet blow,
Delight to triumph o'er the slain,
And fill the heart with wo;—
But heav'nly Peace, on dove-like wing,
To all shall loud Hosannahs sing,—
While distant realms with cheerful voice
Shall oft a SAVIOUR'S love proclaim,
And learn the music of his name;
The widow's heart shall sing, the orphan shall
rejoice!

In that dread hour of mortal doom,
When death shall final ruin spread,
And earth, from ev'ry yawning tomb,
Shall render up her dead,—
Thy saints, on wings of angels borne,
In holy hymns shall hail the morn,
When, to relieve the sinner's woes,
To save his soul from guilty fears,
And wipe away repenting tears,
Prompt at the gracious call, the STAR OF MERCY rose.

Ode.

NIGHT.

THE sun, with mild and western ray,
Proclaims the hour of parting day,
And thro' the dusky plain
The swain his ev'ning carol sings,
And Night once more, on sable wings,
Resumes her silent reign.

Now Contemplation haunts the scene,
With halcyon soul and eye serene;
And, fill'd with thoughts divine,
Views the pale moon that beams afar,
With ev'ry twinkling planet-star,
In radiant lustre shine.

The shepherd mourns, beneath the shade,
For broken vows and love betray'd,
And friendship's cold return:
And where departed merit sleeps,
Affection oft her vigil keeps,
And bathes the laurell'd urn.

Hark! music strikes the list'ning ear,
In notes more solemn, soft, and clear,
Than e'er to man were given;

Sweet as the sounds that angels sing,
When loud applauding seraphs bring
A chosen saint to heaven.

'Tis Mona's Bard, with magic sweep,
Who rais'd the spirits of the deep
In Fingal's dreary cave:
High on a mountain's tow'ring spire
He wakes the music of his lyre
O'er many a warrior's grave.

When wand'ring ghosts (as legends tell)
Forsook the dismal caves of hell,
To haunt the midnight gloom;
And, while the distant thunders roll'd,
Would oft to mortal ears unfold
The secrets of the tomb.

And erst o'er some accursed charm,
Pale Hecat' bar'd her wither'd arm
Beneath the mystic shade;
While wanton sprites, with fairy queen,
By moonlight, o'er the level green,
Their airy gambols play'd:—

In such an hour, if lightnings glare,
And thunders dire convulse the air
With many a pealing crash;
My soul, if rich in Virtue's store,
Shall hear the angry tempest roar,
Nor heed the vivid flash.

But where shall Guilt despairing fly
From Him whose all-discerning eye
Can pierce the darkest gloom?

No hope the parting soul shall cheer;
No widow's sigh nor orphan's tear
Shall grace their silent tomb.

Glory to Thee, in holy hymn,
Who sitt'st amid the cherubim,
High Lord of Heaven alone!
O! thou, my Father and my Friend,
With humble gratitude I bend
Before thine awful throne.

If sin, with wide and guilty sway,
Has taught my erring steps to stray,
Or wean'd my heart from God,
O! let me to thy throne repair,
With humble penitence and pray'r,
And bow beneath the rod.

And may I oft, at close of day,
To thee my grateful homage pay,
By Luna's silver beam:
Far from the busy world retir'd,
With heav'nly inspiration fir'd,
Pursue the hallow'd theme.

O! when with earthly care opprest,
My weary spirits sink to rest,
Be thou my guardian Pow'r!
And, thro' the silent reign of Night,
Let sleep descend in slumbers light
As saints' expiring hour.

But if (impatient for the skies)
In death I close my weary eyes,
Be all my sins forgiven;

And may I wake my voice to raise,
In notes of gratitude and praise,
Among the hosts of Heaven!

Hail, welcome, Death! with balmy pow'r,
So grateful in affliction's hour;
Thou friend to human woes!
Upon thy hard and narrow bed,
The wretch shall lay his aching head,
And Sorrow find repose.

Ode.

Ah, Friendship! how oft have I try'd
To find thee, but ever in vain,
'Midst the turbulent children of pride,
And the humble delights of the plain.

And then, at thy glorify'd shrine,
How oft I my duties have paid;
And, when Hope has presented thee mine,
I have follow'd—but found thee a shade.

'Tis love that awakens our fires,
While Friendship with sympathy glows;
'Tis beauty inflames our desires,
And Friendship that softens our woes.

When hope has forsaken the mind,
And nought but despair is in view,
How bless'd is the wretch who can find
A heart that to Friendship is true.

Then give me these blessings supreme,
Ye powers indulgent, above,
The friend who shall gain my esteem,
And the fair who shall merit my love.

Song.

SWEET is the breath of early morn,
That o'er yon heath refreshing blows;
And sweet the blossom on the thorn,
The vi'let blue, the blushing rose:

But not the fragrant breath of morn,
Nor rose's blush, are half so sweet
As those which EMMA'S cheeks adorn,
Whene'er our lips in kisses meet.

To her I told my tender tale;
A glist'ning tear began to start;
The roses fled, her cheek grew pale,
And Nature triumph'd over Art:

But soon a smile dispers'd the tear,
(Like sun before the silver dew);
She bade my passion prove sincere,
Nor blush'd to own that she was true.

Oft with my pipe, on yonder hill,
I charm the careless hours away;
The shepherds praise my rustic skill,
Tho' rude and simple is the lay.

But, oh! how sweet within the grove,
By Luna's chaste propitious beam,

To warble artless notes of love,
If EMMA listen to the theme.

With wreaths I'll bind her auburn hair,
For her the choicest garlands seek;
Though not a rose or lily there
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Can emulate her glowing cheek.

Yet still shall nature's breathing bloom
In vernal pride around her spring;
The flow'rs shall waft a rich perfume,—
The streams shall flow, the birds shall sing.

Mine be the task her fleecy care
To lead by day and watch by night;
Such pleasing toils I long to share,
For love shall make the labour light.

Sweet are the charms of her I sing!
(To whom my faithful heart is given;)
Fair as the blossoms of the spring,
Mild as the genial dews of Heaven.

Ode.

TO CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT sweet! be thou my song,—
To thee all earthly joys belong;
And man (whom many cares molest,)
When bless'd with thee, is truly bless'd.
Let not my humble muse despise
To seek where true Contentment lies;

O! let her (train'd in rustic lore)
The peasant's lowly cot explore:
In sweet content and peace he lives,—
What blessings bounteous nature gives!
He looks around, nor wishes fate
To add one blessing to his state;
His halcyon soul is ne'er distrest
With fears that guilty minds molest:
In harmless joys his life is spent
With ruddy health, and sweet Content.

Then, O Contentment! loveliest maid!
May sorrows ne'er my life invade;
O! may my heart (from follies free)
Be fill'd with gratitude and thee;
For where thou reign'st we're sure to find
A happy conscience, peace of mind;

From thee the purest pleasures flow,
Thou source of happiness below.
May Heav'n, indulgent, thus decree—
Where'er I live, to live with thee;
Be thou my wealth, my only store,—
I'll close my wish, and seek no more.

Immortality.

A POEM.

Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter error; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector dum vivo, extorqueri volo: sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irrideant.

TULL.

Immortality.

A POEM.

If aught can check the voice of unbelief,
The Ideot's doubt, the Atheist's wanton sneer,
And fill the soul with reverential awe,
'Tis the dull hour of night, when nature sinks
In sleep profound, and ev'ry object leads
The mind to contemplation.—Let me roam,
At this impressive hour, the church-yard way,
And by the moon's pale beam, attentive mark
Where wealth and poverty unheeded lie.

That I am mortal, ev'ry new made grave
Speaks with a solemn voice:—and that my soul,
(Immortal, and inform'd of heav'nly fire,)
Shall know a second birth, and one day rise
In all it's pristine beauty—radiant hope,
Celestial impulse, sacred and divine,
All, all, confirm me in the pleasing thought.
Death, once the common foe of all mankind,
Is now the friend,—the wise experienc'd sage,
Who, after all the pilgrim's toils and cares,
In passing thro' this wilderness of woe,
Conducts him safely to a better home,
His native skies—where never-fading flow'rs
Breathe heav'nly fragrance, and refreshing streams
Of living waters glide:—The humble saint
In holy expectation waits the hour
When death shall call him to eternal rest.—

Sweet are his slumbers, peace and hope divine
Rest on his pillow; and when rosy morn
Gives to creation universal joy,
He joins with nature in the gen'ral song,
And loud hosanna!—O! if joys so pure,
Bud in this earthly vale, to bloom in heav'n;—
To live t'were pleasure, but 'tis bliss to die.
How ill do riot, and intemp'rate mirth,
Befit this solemn hour,—by heav'n design'd
For holy contemplation: for of old,
Our purer ancestors, with hearts estrang'd
From ev'ry worldly thought, would silent sit
On some high mountain, and with eye serene,
Muse on the awful Majesty of Heav'n.—
But now, the wretch by fraud, or vengeance led,
(Like the gaunt wolf, that prowling, leaves his den,

Intent on slaughter,) points the murd'rous knife
Against a brother.—Deeds of darkest hue,
Of hell's worst stamp, that hide them from the sun!
At this dread, silent, consecrated hour—
Receive their birth.—O, everlasting God!
Confound their base designs! and let not sleep
(That courts the peasant's pillow, but retires
From gilded rooms, and canopies of state,)
Be scar'd by frightful fears, and horrid dreams
Of dark assassins, and of midnight groans.—
Chain up these wolves, nor let them roam the night,
To murder, what they never can enjoy,
The heav'nly blessings of a sweet repose.

Let vain philosophy, upheld by pride,
Say that the soul once parted from her clay,

Is then extinct; nor spark of heav'nly fire,
Nor ray divine, shall warm the sacred fane
Where wisdom, virtue, and religion pure
Dwelt in celestial concord.—Impious thought!
O spare them, mighty God! in thy dread hour
Of everlasting vengeance.—Whence the end
That man received his being:—and for what
Was he endow'd with reason's light divine,
And virtue's holy fire—why gifted thus,
With such high pow'rs—and by his Maker form'd
In his own beauteous image—and in state
A little lower than th'angelic host?—
That man, proud man, God's last and best lov'd work,
(Tho' by himself deform'd) should try his faith
(For faith hath many trials,) in this world,
And reap the harvest of a well-spent life

In that which is to come.—For this he gave
A soul immortal, which can never die!—
Were there no hope, no thought of future bliss,
What would inspire the virtuous and the brave,
To meet the face of danger without fear,
And smile on death?—What makes the dying saint,
When writhing nature, agonised with pain,
Struggles to be reliev'd—with holy joy,
View the dark silent vale he soon must pass,
Nor tremble at the sight?—'Tis the blest hope
Of Immortality, that cheers the soul,
And fits her for the awful trying hour
Of death.—Heard ye yon deep and hollow groan,
That breath'd despair!—Mark well from whence it came.—

See, on the bed of pain the Atheist lies;—
He, who in life's gay pageantry and pride,
Ne'er let the thought of heav'n, the dread of hell,
Mar the light moments of his jovial day.—
But now, diseases fell, and loathsome ills
Torture his joints, and anguish fills his mind.—
Where can he look for succour?—Where!—To Heav'n!—
Alas! no hope is there.—A dreadful doubt
O'erwhelms his soul, his eye-balls roll in vain
To find some friend, to calm his anxious fears,
And ease him of his load.—No kindred friend
(Companion of his follies,) dare approach
The awful bed of death; where he might learn
A deep memento.—Mem'ry, draw a veil
In pity o'er the rest.—O God, forgive!—

Yes! I will trust and triumph in the hope
Of Immortality; tho' fools may jeer.—
If in no future world the soul shall wake,
They never can accuse me of the cheat.—
So let me die in the delightful dream,
And sweet delusion,—of a world to come.

'Tis midnight now, and half the busy world
Is wrapt in sleep:—the peasant lies at ease,
While his proud lord oft woos the god in vain,—
For sleep deserts the thorny bed of care.—
Some, rack'd with torture, wake the peaceful hour
With horrid groans, and pray for coming morn.
While some disturb'd in mind, as conscience brings
To busy recollection, deeds of ill,

Bedew their pillow with repenting tears,
And weep till day.—Remorse, and hidden guilt,
Point all their sharpest arrows.—Black Despair
Forth from her murky cavern stalks along
With hurried stride, to where the miscreant lies
In loathsome dungeon, (who, to-morrow's sun
Shall make immortal,) and the knell of death
Rings in his ears.—The sleepy bird of night
Screams to the howling blast her piteous moan:—
The raven claps his wings, the sullen bat
Flits thro' the air;—and if report be true
Departed spirits have appear'd to men,
And little fairies tripp'd it o'er the green,
Beneath the moonlight shade.—Pale Melancholy
And Madness, sister wan! together roam
The pathless track, or climb the rugged cliff
Where mortal never trod,—and to the moon

Will mutter tales of woe, nor heed the storm
That whistles round them.—Turn, ah! turn a
thought,
To where the sinking mariner forlorn,
Whom winds and waves o'erpow'r, struggles for
breath
To stem the boiling torrent:—vain his hope
To reach yon wish'd for shore,—another surge,
More dreadful than the last, o'erwhelms him
soon.—
A mournful sight the morrow will disclose,
His lifeless body stiff'ning in the blast.

O! what a dismal sound salutes my ears,
That rung the knell of some departed soul.
It comes from yonder tow'r, where pontiff pride,
And bigot cruelty, together hold

Their midnight orgies. 'Twas NARCISSA's knell.
Oh, act accurs'd!—Oh, horrible decree!
That robb'd the sweetest flow'ret of it's bloom,
In nature's painted garden.—All that's fair
Gave lustre to her cheek;—the peach's down,
The vi'let's sweetness, and the rose's hue,
Were not more soft and fragrant.—Virtue's flame
Glow'd with celestial ardor in her mind;
Pure as yon stars that gild the arch of heav'n.
And was it then a crime to love sincere?
Did monkish laws forbid the heart to feel
For it's own sorrows, or the breast to heave
One bitter struggling groan, and the swoln eye
To drop the tender tribute of a tear?
Yes! she was charming; soft, beyond compare:
Heav'n saw her beauties op'ning in the bud,
And snatch'd them hence to blossom in the skies.

Perish the lawless hand, the iron heart,
The custom dark and base howe'er disguis'd
Beneath religion's mask, that dooms the saint
To everlasting woe:—'tis madness all—
Blind superstition, bigotry, and rage:—
The gall of artful priests, the work of hell!

Peace to thy gentle shade! where'er it roves,—
By fairy circled plain, or moonlight stream,
Or cloisters pale, to tell thy tale of woe.
The Muse shall mourn thy fate in kindred strains,
And give thy pensive ghost a parting tear.

Religion, in it's best and purest state,
Unhurt by superstition, unenthrall'd
With odious customs, cruelty, and death,

Is beautiful!—the attribute of heav'n.—
Meek, patient, chaste, the messenger of peace
To all who will receive:—she throws new light
On what was dim before, and thro' her glass
Things which were once unheeded, please us now.
In her, the gospel's deep and solemn truths
Shine with celestial splendor:—there the soul
May contemplate the themes that once inspir'd
The prophet's eloquence, the seraph's song,
And all the patriarch tribe of holy men.——
Not the religion (horrible the name!)
Of crafty monks, and bacchanals impure:—
Her savage altars stain'd with human blood:—
Where nature is a crime, and churlish priests
With sacrilegeous hands presume to part
Souls form'd by heav'n to prove each other's bliss.
My soul abhors it. 'Tis the sacred fire ···

Which warms the heart, and guides it to the source
Of ev'ry worthy deed:—which fills the soul
With holy rev'rence, gratitude and love
For that Eternal Pow'r in whom we live,
And from whose bounteous hand our blessings flow;
That constitutes Religion's sacred name.
Which makes poor helpless man, a friend to man,
Which checks the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,
And brings the heart to triumph in the good
Not of itself, but all.—Curs'd is the wretch
Who makes his wealth a god!—no other hope
Shall cheer his dying hour,—no pitying tear
Shall wash his stains away,—nor mournful sigh
Welcome his soul to bliss.—Unhappy man!
Thy god shall leave thee when thou need'st one most:—

And fair religion, stedfast to her friend,
Shall fly thee, as her greatest enemy.—

Affliction! thou art physic to the soul,
And wholesome too—thou mak'st the patient weak
To cool the fever of his blood:—thy hand,
Oft rude and harsh, by erring mortals deem'd;
Is always merciful:—thou never strik'st
But where thou mean'st to raise and chast'nest not
But for thy tenderest love.—O, teach my heart,
This useful lesson of adversity:——
That fortune's smiles are seldom long enjoy'd,
With ev'ry gale they fly:—as lightest air,
Breaks the calm surface of the summer sea.
Guilt thro' the world may flaunt in rich array,
And honesty in rags;—knaves may feast high,
While virtue starves:—but God, still just and good,

Has stores unknown, and happiness for all:—
Some have their portion here—and some in
heav'n.——

When on the bed of pain oppress'd I lay,
My trust was in the Lord—and not in vain.
His mercy was a pillow to my head,
A balsam to my heart;—the shades of death
Were gather'd round me, but my soul rejoic'd
In his salvation—and my hope was sure.
O! for an angel's lyre! to sing the praise
Of love omnipotent, which nought can bound
In earth, in sea, or skies,—beyond compare!—
Eternal as the source from whence it springs!—
Bright as the sun that gives creation light,
And shines on all with unremitting ray.
And tho' the solemn shades of darkness reign

Impervious to the sun's meridian beam,
Yet, shall that orb, which once majestic sunk
Beneath the western mountain;—one day rise
To set no more:—and like redeeming grace
Which warm'd this lower world—resplendant shine,
And give new light, and glory to the skies.

What, tho' thou sit'st in majesty supreme
Amid the heav'n of heav'ns! and with thy rays
Giv'st glory to ten thousand burning suns
Encircling Thy throne:—though angels stand
With golden harps attun'd, and voices rais'd
In heav'nly concert:—thou art still my GOD,—
And thou wilt hear me; tho' with feeble breath
I pour the grateful song—and trembling bend
Before the holy temple of thy grace.

O, let me never prostitute the muse
The gift of heav'n, my solace and my pride,
To themes unworthy of her sacred fire.
But, like the bird that ushers in the morn
With notes of joy, and at the close of day
Pours forth a parting song, and sinks to rest:—
When morning rises, and when ev'ning falls,
In sun-shine, and in shade,—be thou my theme.
And when pale death disarm'd of ev'ry sting
Shall hush the music of my trembling lyre,
(Now, only vocal to my Maker's praise:—)
May my rejoicing spirit freed from sin,
And ev'ry mortal stain, to thee ascend,
A pure and fit inhabitant for heav'n,
Worthy it's great CREATOR!—there to join
With angels, and archangels, in the song
Of man's redemption:—and of HIM who reigns

Amid a host of saints he died to save;—
CHRIST THE REDEEMER!—whose auspicious
birth,
Recording angels hail'd with hymns of joy,
Till heav'n's eternal courts responsive breath'd
Celestial music—whose sojourn below,
Was mark'd with sorrow infamy, and death.
And tho' upon the cross he groan'd and died
The grave could not detain him—thence he rose,
And in a voice that spake in thunders loud,
Bade death and hell defiance!—now on high,
On the right hand of GOD enthron'd he sits,
THE JUST AND RIGHTEOUS JUDGE:—his
bruised head
No more encircled with a crown of thorns,
But princely diadem!—nor hate nor ire,
Dwell in his holy breast; but mercy mild,

And love omnipotent! for those who trust
In his sufficient grace.—Glory to thee,
Fountain of light and life! of ev'ry bliss
That man enjoys on earth, and saints in heav'n!
For this blest hope thro' THY REDEEMING SON:—
That my IMMORTAL SPIRIT shall awake
With new-born rapture from her earthly tomb,
And thro' eternal ages sing thy love
In hymns of endless joy, and endless praise.

Hymn.

THERE is a Hope beyond the tomb,
That bids our earthly mourning cease,
Dispels the Christian's dying gloom,
And to his spirit whispers peace;

There is a Hope that calms our fears,
And sweetly tells of sins forgiven,
That heals our sorrows, dries our tears,
And lifts the soul from earth to heaven;

There is a Hope—'tis mercy's dawn—
Which ev'ry true believer knows;
That hail'd the bright triumphant morn,
Salvation's glorious Star arose:—

That when this heart and flesh shall fail,
When nature's struggling pangs are o'er,
The soul shall reach that blissful vale,
Where guilt and sorrow wound no more:

Where the poor pilgrim, sore oppress'd
By many a rough and wint'ry blast,
Shall lay his aching head to rest,
And find a sweet repose at last;

Where ev'ry saint, who suffer'd long
Beneath affliction's galling rod,
Shall join the universal song,
And meet his Father and his God.

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